

A Memory that Came Back

Judge Marcellus and Abe Cronkite passed through the broad corridor from their carriage and stood on the front porch admiring the wooded slope and the glistening bay beyond.

"Not a bad place, Abe," said the Judge, "for you to pass a few days vacation in your supposed character as—"

"Hush, sir," warned the detective. "These walls are old enough to have ears you know."

Even as he spoke an elderly woman glided around from the side as silently alert as a shadow and bowed respectfully before them.

"My mistress, Mrs. Wynkoop, expected to be back from her drive with the children before you arrived," she said apologetically. "If you please I will gladly show you to the library, where my master is confined with his sprained ankle."

"You are very good," replied the Judge. "This must be—"

"The housekeeper, Mrs. Tuers, at your service, sir."

As she led the way, courteous, observant, Cronkite closely noted the simple particulars which somehow joined to impress him: the scant flat gown of Quaker hue, the white hair tight to the head, the silver bound spectacles of generous size and the wan, impassive face which even they did not deprive of a certain reminiscent comeliness. Yes, it must be the eyes glowering underneath, deep and sombre, that betrayed the repressed power.

Hugh Wynkoop gave an impatient wave of relief from his rolling chair at the sight of his visitors, natural enough in a man bound in his youth and vigor.

"Welcome, Judge!" he cried. "You are faithful to the call of my letter, but it seems as if you were tardy by weeks. So this is the man who is to do the trick, the famous—"

"Baines, the landscape gardener, sir," interposed Cronkite closing the door the tighter after he had quickly opened it.

"No need of that," laughed Wynkoop. "My household would be a collective model for Caesar's wife; but the true instinct will show itself, hey, Cron—I mean Baines? That's right. There is work and to spare for it here my man. I may take your coming as assent to my project, Judge."

"A very qualified assent," replied the Judge. "I am glad to accept your hospitality for a few days and to have our friend here serve you as he can; but I cannot approve—"

"You must admit, squeezed as I am for money, that it is natural I should search for \$100,000 in gold."

"Natural, yes, but unwise. I saw your father, Hugh, burn and wither from the heat of such a quest."

"He told me all about it on his deathbed. He said it was not right that the Wynkoops should ever come to want from lack of finding what rightfully belonged to them."

"Oh, I know, I know the bitterness of hope deferred; I have been feeling it already in this confounded chair. But now, but now the hope is the stronger; the bitterness has vanished. I am resolved, I am resolved, Judge."

"Yours to command, sir," said Abe Cronkite at a sign of resignation from the Judge, "if you will give me my instructions."

"That's the ticket," cried Wynkoop, exultantly bestirring his hobby. "Know then that my paternal grandfather, a timid reclusive, became so alarmed during the civil war when Lee came over the mountain wall to invade the North that he converted all of his securities into gold coin to the amount of \$100,000, which he ineffectually secreted until the clouds should roll by."

"Unfortunately he was killed directly afterward in a runaway accident and his faithful servant, Silas Means, who alone shared the secret with him, was thrown out on his head and so seriously injured that he is a babbling idiot to this day. This gold still remains hidden somewhere about this house or estate, though my poor father, as the Judge truly says, made frantic search for it."

"I need it and I want it; I must have it. Now, what is the best way to go about finding it?"

"If Silas Means once knew," reflected Abe Cronkite, "then his knowledge may not be lost. There has been wonderful development in surgery during the last fifty years. What was hopeless then is certain now. I should have the old fellow examined by medical experts to determine whether his senses might not be restored by an operation."

"As simple as Columbus's egg!" fairly thought Wynkoop. "Yet no one ever thought of it before. I'll ask Ned Wynkoop directly he comes back to recommend the very best. Ned is my second cousin, you know, Judge—quite a dab at medicine himself, though he hasn't the heart to do much cutting."

"He's staying with me now—only ran up to town yesterday for a day or so. Of course I'll have to put him wise; but no harm in that. Ned can be close mouthed when he likes, and I always did intend to give him a whack if the treasure was ever found, he's so chronically hard up, the good fellow."

"But, confound it, I'm reckoning without my subject. Old Silas wandered away three months ago and hasn't been here since. Doesn't that beat the — For heaven's sake, Rosemary, what has happened? The children—"

"Well, my man, back from the quest?" asked the old jurist. "What was the sapient verdict? That old Silas lost his life as he long since lost his head—by an accidental fall? The county shouldn't have touched so obvious a case."

"It was wilful murder by some person or persons unknown, sir," the detective answered gravely. "There could be no question of it. He had been shot through the heart from behind—oh, pardon me!"

With an alert look he tiptoed to the door. He pressed his handkerchief against it, and it stuck as if with wax. "Is it possible?" rejoined the Judge, ignoring from pride so surprising an act.

"I cannot well imagine a crime more needlessly atrocious. What advantage could come to any one through the death of such a poor old idiot?"

"That is not all, sir," Cronkite went on, returning, his tones the more impressive as they were lowered. "I noticed signs in the body that ill accorded with the description you have just given of Silas Means."

"It was clearly; it was well and neatly clad. The hands and shoes showed care; the expression of the face was intelligent. Surely this man could not have been idiotic at the time of his death."

"So, sir, I had a private talk with the Coroner and the District Attorney after adjournment—more sagacious officials than one might expect in so isolated a region. As a result we made a further and secret examination of the body, and found on the skull unmistakable evidence of trephining. Old Silas, sir, was murdered because he knew, because he remembered."

The Judge paced hastily up and down the floor.

"A fine ending to a few days rest!" he grumbled. "I was just getting used to early hours, leisurely eating and sweet do nothing and behold, like the Apostle, you show me a mystery."

"So be it. I see of course your confounded, inevitable deduction. You think that the course you recommended was tried on old Silas and that he was killed lest he should tell again what he had already told or perhaps reveal again what he had already revealed."

"More probably the latter, sir. It seems to me that old Silas on coming to himself, regaining his strength and learning to an extent the evil wrought by his mental sleep would first of all put his memory to the test by going alone to the hiding place of the treasure. The person following him would then be tempted to kill him and thus be able to remove this gold at his will—not an easy task, mind you, for it must weigh 400 pounds."

"Well, well," demanded the impatient Judge, "what course of procedure did you and your official allies agree upon?"

"That they should follow the open evidence of the bullet wound for the detection of the murderer, sir, and that I should follow the hidden evidence of the trephining for the recovery of the treasure; but that all the evidence should be used by either side if necessary to success."

"Then you had better combine the little there is at once. The outlook seems hopeless to me."

"I can't say that I agree with you there, Judge," replied Cronkite, cheerfully. "I understand that Dr. Edward Wynkoop returns to this house tomorrow."

As the detective uttered this name in tones strangely loud the handkerchief, lightly clinging to the door, fell to the floor. Never was there a clearer signal for action.

"Please keep on talking—any kind of rot, sir," he whispered, and as light as the fall of the handkerchief he slipped across the room, out of the window and along the veranda roof.

"The subject of evidence," soliloquized the Judge obediently, "though so vast, so complex, naturally, I may say, necessarily, separates itself into two distinct and independent parts, namely, the direct and the circumstantial, and then he stopped short, intent on sounds in the hall outside his door."

"Ah, I have caught you, as I knew I should, listening," said Cronkite. "You must tell me all you know!"

"I have only been waiting to be sure before offering to do so," answered the woman who had been leaning there, her voice vibrant with truth.

III.

Dr. Edward Wynkoop was agreeably surprised to find other guests on his return to the house. He regarded the Judge as a family functionary, somewhat supernumerary perhaps, yet a tower of respectability for the time of need. He took pains, then, to ingratiate himself with the old lawyer by his attentions, and those confidences regarding personal trials and ambitions which are so flattering.

Baines, the landscape gardener, too, seemed a plain and practical man, too absorbed in his own concerns of developing and beautifying the grounds to bother with other matters. Perhaps he might be led to take steps that would make safety doubly assured. So the doctor lost no time in parading by shrewd directions his fair connection, Rosemary, his cousin's wife, into the opinion that the ravine should be filled up, thus obviating the steep and dangerous ascent and descent of the driveway.

Indirection indeed was the doctor's favorite method, his golden rule being to let others do for him what he might otherwise have to do for himself. He did not even scruple to avail himself of the aid of Mrs. Tuers, who, having been employed but a year as housekeeper, could not be expected to show the expansive interest of an old retainer.

"My good woman," he said to her one day within the hearing of all, "I know you will be so kind as to prepare a little luncheon for me to take to-morrow when I go fishing—don't fail, Ella, on your life, to put, you know what, in the box," he managed to hiss for her ears alone, and then turned smiling to expatiate to the Judge on his love of nature.

A fine athletic figure, the doctor, early the next morning as he slipped down the stairs in his fishing togs. On the landing he paused as if he knew before he heard, and looked up with lazy grace in Rosemary's face.

"Here it is, Master," she gasped, white faced as she extended her hand shakingly.

The doctor dropped the ivory handled revolver into his side pocket. "Beauty and the beast," he mocked. "Oh, thrice happy beast!"

"If you would only be as generous as you are clever," she pleaded. "My generosity wouldn't amount to much should I be so stupid."

"Why do you insist on being in your odious designs?" demanded Rosemary. "You know I hate, I despise, I fear you. You know if I breathed the slightest hint to Hugh he would kill you!"

"As he killed old Silas? Ah, Rosemary, why fight against the inevitable? Once away, with youth, love, wealth, the wide, wide world at your disposal, you will look back as to a prison house, as to its warden."

"It is my home; he is my husband."

"So I just said," returned the doctor, and with the air of a conqueror he passed down the stairs.

Even more masterful was his mien as he entered the housekeeper's room, where Mrs. Tuers sat idle and listless.

"You don't look like one about to enter her kingdom," he said as he took the luncheon box from her.

"I have entered it—the kingdom of damnation," protested Mrs. Tuers; but he with a laugh went blithely on his way all unconscious that a moment later—a moment too late—the woman had risen, with arms outstretched, crying softly, hesitatingly, "Ned, dear Ned!"

Blithely went the young athletic doctor on his way, fairly walking on air. Generous? Well, no; not until his own just requirements had been satisfied; but clever? Yes, he had indeed been clever.

Clever, to have remembered from a child the legend of the hidden treasure; clever, to have divined the only way of filching the truth from old Silas' sealed brain, to have caused the old man to be operated upon, to have followed him from the city to the hiding place. Clever, to have dropped Hugh's revolver by the murdered man's side, just where Rosemary must recognize it.

Clever, most clever, to have had a slave and a spy in the house for a year to find the unsuspected key and thus make success certain in the awful moment of failure. Little wonder that the doctor walked lightly on air on his way to the place where the treasure was hid.

The safety of simplicity! The doctor had well nigh laughed aloud when he had seen old Silas scramble down the grassy bank, force his way through the tangled underbrush by the brook and tear off enough of the escarpment of sod to disclose the heavy oak door.

Now as he opened this door with the key from the luncheon box and entered the stone built well house, buried by a landslide many years before that timid reclusive of a Wynkoop had utilized it, he did laugh joyously, as a conqueror. He stepped inside; he closed the door; he lighted a pocket lamp.

As the faint glimmer penetrated the heavy blackness he looked about—a conqueror no longer. There were shelves, truly, but they were empty. Yet there bore marks, circular marks, as if golden coin had been stacked there. They were empty, but the treasure—for which he had risked his life, his soul—it had been taken, it was gone!

IV.

Even as the doctor tottered, aghast amid the crush of hope, the crush of fear, the door of the hut opened. In a paroxysm of rage he sprang at the throat of Baines, the landscape gardener.

"It is you, it is you, with your infernal puttering about the grounds, who have robbed your employer!" he cried. "Give it up, give it up at once—the gold, I say, the gold, or I will kill you!"

"As you killed old Silas?" retorted Cronkite coolly, as with scarcely an apparent effort he forced the convulsive wretch, his arms pinioned to his sides, to the ground.

"Now," the detective continued, standing over with leveled revolver, "get up and sit on that stool of repentance over there. You and I must have a little talk before the Judge who holds your fate in balance gives you the choice between banishment for life or a shameful death."

As if obsessed by a helpless, hopeless nightmare Ned Wynkoop obeyed.

"Give me that ivory handled revolver you have in your side pocket," was the next inexorable order, and again the doctor blindly obeyed.

"We have been working on two distinct lines, the county authorities and I," continued Cronkite. "They to catch the murderer, I to recover the treasure."

"As you yourself just surmised, I have been successful in my task. The gold that was stored away here so many years ago is now in the possession of its rightful owner, Hugh Wynkoop."

"Suppose now I give them the benefit of what I have learned in this quest, of which they are absolutely ignorant; suppose I tell them of my finding you here this morning, with the revolver, which the fatal bullet hit—"

"That can be explained," broke in the doctor thickly. "I brought it as a favor to Mrs. Wynkoop, to hide it where it would be covered up forever when you filled in the ravine as she has asked you to do, as you know she has asked you to do."

"It would be up to her then, wouldn't it, to explain where she got it, to show that Hugh didn't have it with him, as she still believes he did, on that lonely prow of his a day or so before the body was found during which he claims he sprained his ankle? Ah!"

"Suppose I tell them of the key to this door in your possession, the key you received this morning in the luncheon box, the key which was found after long search by the woman working in your interest, the woman serving in disguise, the young woman who looks an old woman."

"Damnation!" muttered the doctor; "Ella has betrayed me. She must have noticed, seen, heard—"

"Yes," said a stern voice, "that is it. That poor devoted creature of yours whom you robbed of her innocence, turned into a spy and tool and planned to desert, did notice, see, hear enough in her sleepless jealousy to fathom your design against your cousin's wife. What can a betrayer expect but betrayal?"

It was Judge Josiah Marcellus who spoke, advancing from the open with the majesty with which he used to open court, speaking with the cold impressiveness which he used to pronounce doom. Instinctively the doctor rose to his feet, but not yet was his head bowed.

"A pretty scandal it will make," he sneered, "if it comes out that his own wife suspected Hugh Wynkoop of murder, and with good cause too. A pretty scandal it will make if it comes out as it must, that she was about to elope with me to Europe."

"If there is ever the slightest whisper of any such vile scandals against the good but simple woman whom you have terrorized you shall hang by the neck until you are dead," declared the Judge. "Do you think it will be hard to show who it was that caused the trephining of old Silas' skull?"

"Ah," moaned the doctor, and he bowed his head. "He said, that man there, whoever he is—that man said the Judge would give me a chance, a choice," he faltered. "I ask for mercy, Judge."

"Mercy you shall have," returned the Judge. "Not on your own miserable account but for the sake of my clients, whom first of all it is my duty to serve. Go forth, Cain, and wander a fugitive and a vagabond over the face of the earth. Our silence as to your knowledge of the treasure will be your safety."

They stood, master and man, in the doorway and watched almost with awe the doctor as he slunk through the brush, for already desolateness clung to him. Then from the roadside a woman sprang after him—Mrs. Tuers, the housekeeper, younger now in dress and form.

At the touch of her hand the doctor turned with a scream and struck her in the face, but still she persisted, still she followed, until as they reached the top of the slope and began to descend they disappeared from sight together.

"From the cradle to the tomb, ever with tender arms extended," mused the Judge—New York Sun.

Sentiment Given a Jolt

Some time ago just as the happy husband of a few months was about to leave home for the daily office grind, little wifely sailed into his immediate vicinity and gently placed a pretty hand upon his arm.

"Harry, dear," she softly said, "haven't you a lock of my hair somewhere in your pockets?"

"I have indeed, sweetheart," was the prompt response of hubby, and he affectionately embraced the sharer of his sorrows and joys. "I have it right here in the pocket closest to my heart!"

"That's fine, Harry!" delightfully returned little wifey. "Won't you please take it and see if you can match me some puffs when you get downtown?"

Misdirected Energy

A general on his return from the war, showed his family a regimental flag, tattered, torn and riddled with bullets, which he had personally captured from the enemy. On the following morning the trophy was to be presented to the Commander-in-Chief.

When he called for the flag his industrious wife brought it to him smilingly and, presenting it to him with a look of proud satisfaction, said:

"James, I sat up all night and mended the flag, and now—see! It looks almost as good as new!"

It isn't necessary to be a trained nurse in order to nurse a grievance.

Fruit Cocktail

A delightful first course for the winter luncheon or midday Sunday dinner is fruit cocktail, served ice cold, in dainty glasses. Use the fruits of the season: oranges, bananas, apples, white grapes, and perhaps a little chopped pineapple. Skin the grapes, pare the apples and cut the oranges in very thin slices thru pulp and rind. Then chop all the fruit in small pieces and soak an hour in their own juice, sweetened with sugar. Then stand on the ice until just before serving.

No Fun for Him Either

FARM ANIMALS

HALT HOG CHOLERA RAVAGES

Farmers Should Insist on Animals Being Vaccinated by Competent Veterinarian.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Farmers should insist that all the stock hogs which they purchase for feeding purposes should be properly vaccinated by competent and conscientious veterinarians in order to prevent the spread of hog cholera. Unlike the larger stock yards of the country, the larger are properly protected by qualified government representatives, many of the smaller local yards are entirely without safeguards against cholera.

Immature hogs go from the farms of origin mainly because of lack of feed or on account of disease. The purchaser who buys such sick hogs on the market for feeding purposes usually introduces disease into his home herd.

To stimulate production and to conserve our available pork supply none but vaccinated, immunized healthy hogs should be maintained in the feed lot. If the farmer wishes to aid in increasing food supplies, he should help increase our hog supply by routing disease.

The practice of buying hogs from public stock yards for feeding and stocking purposes, a custom which has been intensified in this war emergency, has to a large degree complicated the work of controlling hog cholera. In many cases, owing to improper equipment for immunization and disinfection of hogs, new centers of infection have been introduced in communities previously free from the disease, and the movement of hogs from public stock yards having no supervision by state or federal authorities and where treatment for the prevention of cholera is not compulsory is a serious handicap in the fight to prevent the spread of infection.

Some losses have resulted from shipments of stocker hogs even when originating at public stock yards having government inspection, particularly in the early beginning of extensive movements of these animals for feeding purposes. Several factors were responsible, such as improper equipment for immunization and disinfection, insufficient doses of serum for hogs exposed to infection, the application of treatment promiscuously by anyone chosen by the buyer of the hogs, and the use of the serum-alone treatment, which produces an immunity of very short duration. These are proofs positive that "haste makes waste," but these objectionable features are being overcome. Where proper equipment is being installed, dosage of serum increased and the treatment placed in the hands of competent veterinarians, losses occurring in shipments of this character have been reduced to a minimum.

There is reason to believe that with the various agencies in each state, such as county agents and farm bureaus, interested in the increased production of meat animals, a system of exchange could be established to bring together farmers with a surplus of hogs and no feed and those having more feed than hogs, with a view of having the transfer of these animals effected locally and avoid the long and dangerous journey to a public stock market and back to farms oftentimes in the same community.

SELF-FEEDERS HELP RAISERS

Campaign in Maine Resulted in Securing 15 Per Cent Increase Over 1917 Production.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

An increased pork production campaign carried on by county agents and farm bureaus in Maine has resulted in a 15 per cent increase over last year in the number of hogs raised. Previous to 1917 self-feeders for hogs had been used on a small scale, but had

proved unquestionably successful. The results showed that farmers with self-feeders kept more hogs than they could otherwise. This suggested to the county agents that the self-feeder be made the basis of a campaign for more pork. Building "bees" or demonstrations were held by agents, at which self-feeders were constructed with the help of the farmers attending the meetings, and instructions given for their use, particular emphasis being placed upon their advantage in connection with pasturing hogs. As a result of the campaign, 745 additional self-feeders are now reported in use and 2,600 more hogs are being raised with them.

Was Restless at Night

Sufferers from kidney trouble experience backache, rheumatic pains, aches in joints and muscles, shooting pains and other torturous afflictions.

W. W. Kitt, R. F. D. 2, Box 9, Shores, Ala., writes: "I used Foley Kidney Pills as I was so restless every night with pains in the small of my back and side. They did me good. Sold everywhere—adv."

Of course all the girls love Santa Claus in theory, but they are not crazy about running around with a man that looks like him.

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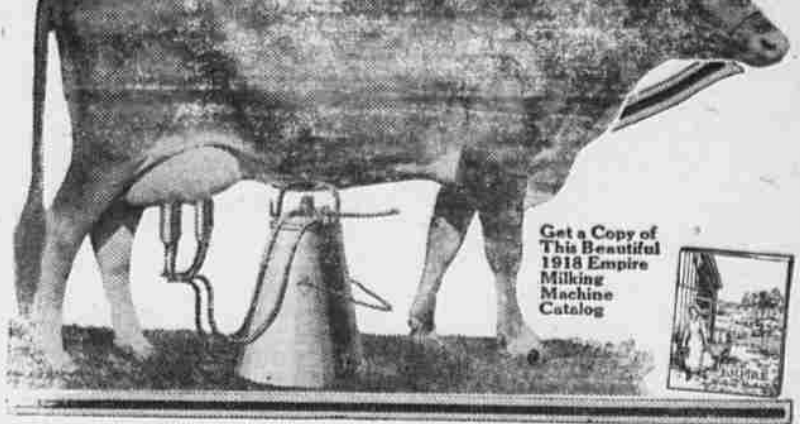
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During 1918, 24,534 people, nearly one-fifth of the population of Youngstown, started accounts in the Dollar and First National Banks. The two banks paid their savings depositors \$574,813.59 in interest during the year.

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